



busy
Bea's
bush

#3 504



My first childhood memory — three years old in our new house standing at my backdoor trying to watch my father to take my dog and go out on my porch. Fourteen years later it all belongs to someone else and I am not at all bitter.

I have decided that the best thing about living in a new spot is getting early post delivery. No longer must I be spastic with the postal carrier when she deviates from my regular 3pm service, however most of the time this ended up as the irregular take a coffee break first 5pm or later nightly speedy delivery. I have word that she didn't much approve of my post anyway, she never could make eye contact with me after that Girlgerms cover incident. Now I deal with Mr. Toomanystampsuptheass who clocks in around 11am, therefore the mail sits and waits for ME to get home and pick it up at MY convenience. What a feeling. Of course when there's Nothing it's quite heart wrenching. early/late doesn't matter at that point because the whole fucking postal system can just kick off. I also have learned a lot about cars, living on a busy road and all. I know now how fast and frequently autos can go by when you are trying to sleep. I have noticed, however that it is not nearly as much fun freezing your nose off in -65°C weather. Nor is it a joy to walk around in an accumulation of snow that is taller then the Sears Tower on stilts. Let's hear it for record breaking winters!

By the way this is my zine, the last one of the trilogy the first one in the epic series. Remember ... I adore you, I obsess over you and Ich möcht' so sein wie du, du be du be du.

Still scratching your head in bemused ignorance? Well cut it out. The answer to last month's cover puzzler will now become somewhat self explanatory {i.e. see below} Woulda neva guessed it huh? Oh well someone did, and to her I am forever obliged. If you want to create a mystery out of this ish-hue's cover go ahead. But let me tell you up front, it is not Bobby McGee in that tee-vee.

4th February 1991

Dear Mr Silver,

As artists, I believe that our function is to express the feelings of the human race - always to speak the truth, and never to keep it hidden, even though we are operating in a world, which does not like the sound of truth. I believe that our purpose is to inspire and in some way guide and heal the human race, of which we are all equal members.

It is my opinion that the various art establishments do not recognize this. They acknowledge mostly the commercial side of art. They respect mostly material gain, since that is the main reason for their existence. They have created a great respect among artists for material gain, by honouring and exalting us when we achieve it, ignoring, for the most part, those of us who have not.

A lot of us artists have been responsible through our work for making material gain look like a doorway to happiness for the human race. The human race is homeless; it is abusing its children; it is starving; it is stopping itself from expressing itself. It is killing itself and the earth, which is its Mother. The human race is at war, because it loves material success, and it does not love itself.

I can't help thinking that we are failing in our duty. How can we communicate with and help the human race, when we have allowed ourselves to be taken out of the world and placed above it? We are allowing ourselves to be portrayed as being in some way more important, more special than the people we are supposed to be helping. By the way we dress, by the cars we travel in, by the otherworldliness of our shows, and by a lot of what we say in our music.

I feel very strongly that we should collect ourselves, in every sense of the word, and go back to the drawing board. We have forgotten that our work comes through and not from us. We have a lot of cleaning up to do.

I do not want to be part of the things that I have mentioned. Therefore, I do not want to attend the Grammy, IRMA or BPI Awards. If I were to win an award, I would feel it necessary to decline it in order to voice my rejection of the values, which I think are destroying our work and which, I believe, are destroying the human race.

I love

Sinead O'Connor

Sinead O'Connor

latest fickle address
Nicole
1141 Boyce Rd.
Pittsburg, Pa 15241



(it's the same old story but with a twisted little twist)

So I'm all cool and have money just burning it's way thru my pockets leaving little imprints of dead white males on my leg. I must buy something, soon. I opt for a neat new chain necklace with charms of rainbow Δ s. You can imagine how Proud I was of this purchase.

That was around December time and until January that necklace stayed closer to my heart then anywhere else. In other words like the song - there's something in my closet that belongs across my face and I keep it very close to me in a most convenient place - it just stayed in that closet and didn't reach my face until I was darn good and ready. Soon I started to wear it all around the town and my steps quickened, my smile lifted and all was well with life.

Next step.

As I was chilling one afternoon in school art central I spied something rilly fun ¡Colored Tape! The whole rainbow was available, how could I resist not using this for my pleasure? I took all the rolls of this magical masking tape and sat quietly in the corner with me myself and I. It was time to brand my back-gonowherewithoutit-pack, I decided, with a hidden happy glee. So I took those colours red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple and joyfully placed them on a strap atop my pack. All set. I was styling now.

So let's get into the real rift of my tale...

It was Valentine's Day and sans a loved one to call me sweetie it was a totally uneventful day, I assure you. Around ten o'clock that night however things began to get interesting. It was a phone call, my mom picked it up. Hello? Denise? Nope don't know you. Wanna talk to Nickel eh? Well hold on ok?

It was a woman named Denise I had never met, never known calling me on the phone. She called me up to tell me her sister was a sophmore at my school, had seen my smartly displayed tape

rainbow, put two and two together and came up with a brilliant assumption that I Was. Because she Is and so Is Denise. Wow.

(note: we never actually said that L-word in the course of our conversation. hum...)

Needless to say I am at this point, totally nerved out, with them all around quivers and shakes. This is huge stuff to lay on a closet/basket case like me. Well, Denise and I talk for a while. She tells me about graduating from my school in '89, living with her girlfriend and goes on to relate her coming out days with me. A cool sister all around but not one I could hang with, she had not a clue as to the groups/people I was involved with and didn't seem to spirited to get informed either.

I ask about her sister, Holly is her name. I tell her I would most definitely be interested in speaking with her (come on over here babe let's chat!) Holly is intimidated by me, would have spoken to me earlier and all that, just never got up the nerve. As an added kicker Denise tells me that Holly will be switching schools at the end of the semester, only a week away. Act fast act now or act never!

She promises to take me to a local gay nightclub soon.. then we end our conversation, trade tele# and info and go along our ways.

Next action, grab the yearbook and cheak Holly out.

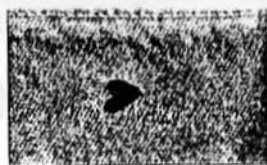


Damn not my type didn't think so anyway I had never drolled over her previously now if it was that ~~dark haired~~ babe I'm currently spying well that would be another story oh she's too short and young anyway I think I had a working vibe from her before yup defenitly.

So the next Monday I spotted her and checked her out in action. Over the next few days I planted myself in places I thought she might be at certain times of the day, deciding since she had initiated contact She should come up and talk to Me, but I would defintly make myself more accesible. And so she followed me. That's it, no words exchanged, there was one meaningful heavy glance shared, nothing else. On Friday, the last day of the semester I decided to make the first move since she obviously wasn't up to it, but when I saw her between fourth and fifth period she didn't even look at me.

I haven't seen her since.

No
No
never never
Ha
Ha
Ha
let me be
leave me, 'lone
get away now
dis a queer
disappear
wish you would
poke 'n yell
scream 'n tell
I
Hate
You!





I met someone recently who makes me very happy.
(People tell me what a nice person she is. Very
crushworthy I answer.)

She affects me always totally and all the time.
(The latest movie is the one she stars in, co-wrote and
produced just yesterday.)

When I am on the bus heading for a place I know she is
going to be, I get such a wonderful buzzing feeling in the
middle of my chest, right next to my heart. It makes my
blood race and my breath catch.

(I guess I'm falling big time.)

I have never known such emotion for anyone before. I
feel like my heart is busting out all over the floor.
When she looks at me everything else melts away and
when she smiles the whole world just all around stops.
I'm finding it incredibly hard to keep from singing sappy
songs to every stranger in the subway and reading out
odes to all the muses in the wall.

(They all already know, no new news anyway.)

Even though I have paid her 1234 pennies for her
thoughts I still find it hard to figure out what she is
saying to me. So I ask her loadly but she only responds
by telling me a quiet secret story about her life. Then I
laugh because I realize that the only thing loud in this
room is the painting on the wall. I try again but the
question I pose remains poised on the tip of my tounge
which the cat just got and won't give back.

(What do you mean meow?)

Sometimes I am a masochist. This must be true because I
seem to frolic in this circle world of getting nowhere
fast. As I run around and around this bottomless never
ending sphere o' torment I make it worse by thinking up
a neat little list of all the impossibles, why nots, and just
not gonna happens. On some days I will follow up with
the "top 10 she meant nothing by its" and the "why those
hand gestures were only to ward off pesky flys not act
as a mating call" list. Whatever carrot it is being held
in front of my nose I sure hope I catch it sometime soon,
I'm hungry for roughage.

(I'm also starting to crave a taste of vitamin L.)

I think I want to see here right now but I just can't get
all the pieces together to finish our game, some are lost
and others never existed. I'm in the lead but it's her
move now.

LIKE A YO-YO,



hi! wish you were here!!

I have recently returned from a trip, a foreign trip, I left the country trip. I went to Toronto Ontario Canada and now I am back trip. It was my father and me on this little bonding via road travel outing. We left Pgh Sat. morn and returned on Monday afternoon. The ride took just about seven hours.

Along the way, we drove through a desolate little town by the name of Buffalo New York and I felt rilly bad for all the folks living in a town named after a big hairy animal. The town itself was all around the same color as dirty fur anyway, I suppose they're accustomed to it.

At the borders we smartly flashed our passports and then we had to stop and declare some things. They basically made a big stink about nothing. blah blah customs, taxes, bureaucracy and all that.

We keep on truckin' and around ten o'clock finally arrive in The City. Quite a legerdemain moment I assure you.

It had just rained and had just gotten night time dark, so all the city lights were on and reflecting everywhere in the puddles, on the dark streets and even in the starry beautiful clear night. I looked around outside my car window in amazement at all the wonderful sights, the CN tower and city hall flying saucer structure. I was in love. As we drove furthermore along the urban streetways I was breathless in awe of all the brightness and zap in yer entrancement all around me.

It was getting late and time now to find our hotel, long day's travel deserves good night's rest. We sleep.

We wake next morning and decide to roam the town. It was a Sunday holiday but there were anyhow some stores open, the ones that mattered at least. We stopped by at a record store, I bought Janis Joplin and Au Pairs albums in case it mkes a dif. We stopped off for a mocha latte (yum!) then contuined on to Church Street a happy gay little area. My daddy was oblivious to my new founded glow.

Soon I decide it is time to get in touch with G.B. Jones creator of the masterpiece movie The Yo-Yo Gang (I declare one day I will meet Suzy Sinatra), member of the amazing band Fifth Column and inhabitant of Toronto. I'd been writing to her for a bit, told her I was stopping by in her area and thought we could maybe get together. So I call her up and fuck an answering machine leave a message leave my number please call back.

It's now night and the question is what to do. Let's see I movie I suggest to daddy. He sez ok you pick it Nickel. Philadelphia!

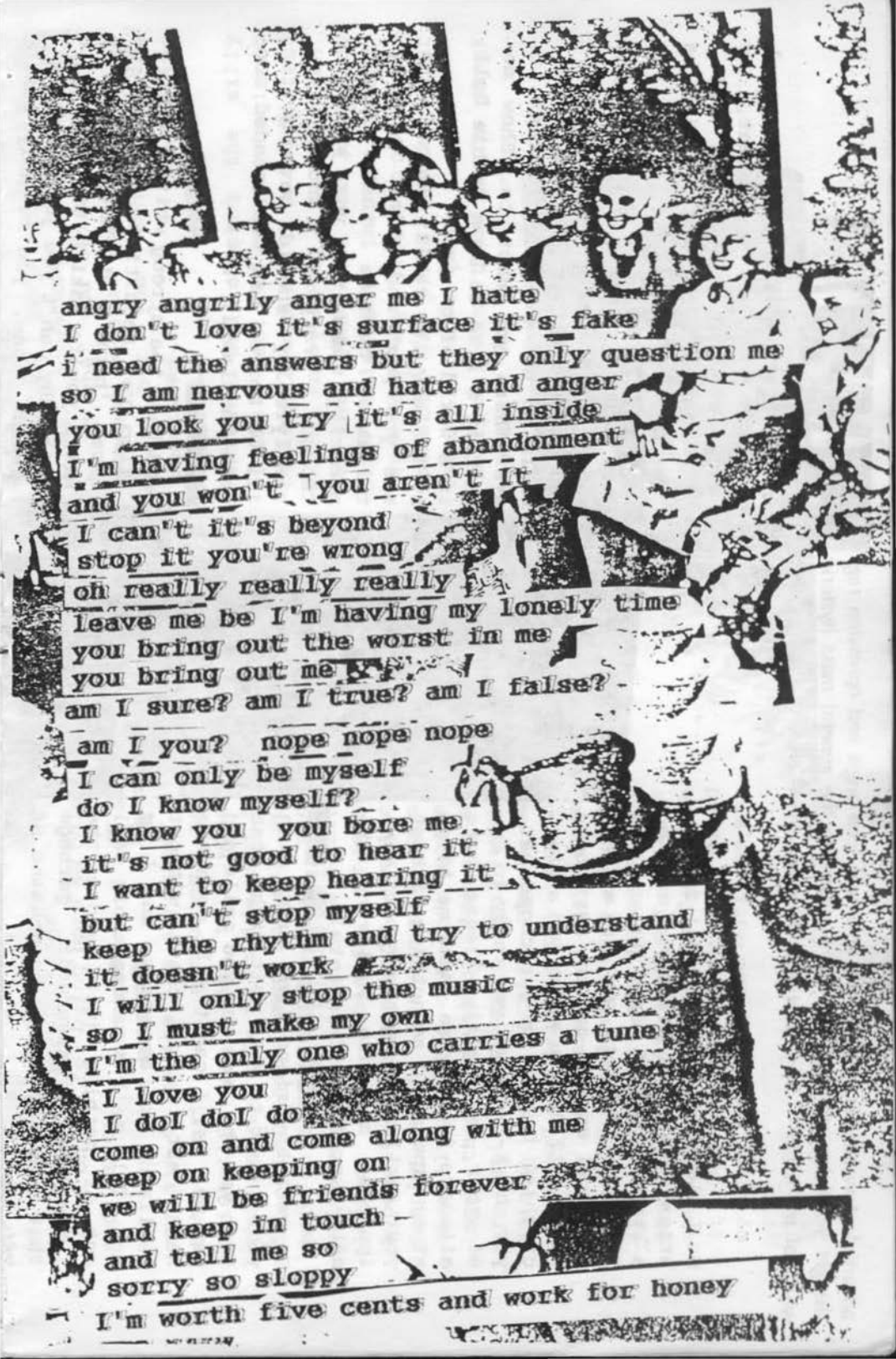
I liked the movie then we left the theater and went back to the hotel. It is around midnite when we get there and the phone rings.

guess who?!G.B. Jones! yeah!

So we talk and end up making plans to meet up that very night/earlyearly morning.

Whatta cool person she is! We talked about this and that and the other thing. She told me an interesting Jodie Foster tale and even made me a tape. All in total, this was a definite highlight of my life experiences, way up there with meeting Chastity Bono.

I left there with my Yo-Yo video in tow and a secure feeling that life is more than a physical existence.



angry angrily anger me I hate
I don't love it's surface it's fake
i need the answers but they only question me
so I am nervous and hate and anger
you look you try it's all inside
I'm having feelings of abandonment
and you won't you aren't it

I can't it's beyond
stop it you're wrong
oh really really really
leave me be I'm having my lonely time
you bring out the worst in me
you bring out me
am I sure? am I true? am I false?

am I you? nope nope nope
I can only be myself
do I know myself?
I know you you bore me
it's not good to hear it
I want to keep hearing it
but can't stop myself
keep the rhythm and try to understand
it doesn't work
I will only stop the music
so I must make my own
I'm the only one who carries a tune

I love you
I do I do I do
come on and come along with me
keep on keeping on
we will be friends forever
and keep in touch
and tell me so
sorry so sloppy

I'm worth five cents and work for honey

an article I wrote for my school's unofficial teen angst and oppression rag thought you'd be interested in what I present to the general mass hysteric world of my peers they scrutinize deny and move on

Do I please you? I do it all for yer attention! I'll write you name on a little piece of paper 20x and 7 it 30x more. Am I cute too? Are my legs nice and smooth and my ass round and tight? Do you wanna get a piece of this? Let me be yer caged pet, yer chick-fox-dog, yer ready to cum at your call girl. Please hate alienate isolate me. Make me laugh at my expense. I am nothing without you! (smiling as my the-rapist manipulates me into believing the male-functions of society)

So yeah boyfriend I am angry with you. I want to yell spit fight stab hurt you the same way you smile and pet me. But I can't walk down the hall, sit in my class without realizing you are there and I am not. Tell me I'm making a big deal out of nothing just ignore the TvMagazineRadioMassMedia garbage that shows me how to be ashamed of who I am.

Cover!Hide!Remove!Enlarge!
shame on You for being born so Ugly and Useless!!

explain to me that as a Feminist I take part in excluding and alienating you. Then tell women they are not able to decide what to do with their own bodies, our pain/suffering/death are made valueless in light of a sacred legion of bloody handed hypocrites. We are made less than people when restaurants name themselves after our body parts. (more than a mouthful. Indeed) We are still not worth that extra salary you receive but can apparently afford to pay more at the hairsalon drycleaner autorepair hardware store. And yes it's so funny to see you wear that new t-shirt "if it's got tits or wheels you'll have problems with it" Now you can bind my feet, grind my teeth, cut scar and mutilate me.

you and yer buddies already control his-story, the government, my body, my money what I see, what I say. Why not try for my mind as well?

Come into my world. I'll welcome you to the place of invisible walls and glass ceilings. Tell me how it feels to not be able to stick it everywhere you want to. Show me what it's like to be a Barbie Doll in a world of gi joes.

by the way its really adorable to see you pout and whine on every talkshow because that stupid minority woman got yer job even though everyone knows you reallyreally should have gotten it. Oh horror for the dreaded man hate backlash!!

and then the strong white ♂ replys: (firm yet sensitive 'cause he-he cares 'bout u darlin'!) Shut Up Bitch you're making too much outta this. Why can't you just leave well enough alone, you're only asking for trouble.

(yup. and guess what, I'm not alone. Somewhere, somegirl just heard what you said. She won't comment because yer not worth the time but you have not gone unnoticed.)

confused and shocked the silly little ♀ sez: Of course she isn't talking about me. I'm happy this way. I enjoy being a girl! she then goes home and stares at her reflection in the mirror wondering why she's so ugly and choosing the place for her next tattoo...

"a rose this time, left cheek please"

Some where on some warm piece
of land I am thinking about
you. I wonder what you look
like and the way you part your
hair. What would you think of
me if I met you on the street
corner and smiled at you. If
for only that one second I am
all there is in the world.
For that moment your eyes are
the center of the universe.
Would my dream of you be
shattered because my
foreshadow was so couldy?
Would I fall in love with your
voice on the answering machine
and pick myself up in thirty
minutes or less to run away
with you for the rest of my
life. I can only imagine the
color of your eyes because you
failed to tell me that when
you detailed everything about
the secrets of your soul. So
when I bump into you on that
corner will you know it's me
because of the silly tale I told and the way I
dot my i. Then if you knew it was me would you
even bother stopping. Will you continue quickly
homeward and write me out a letter?

Postmarked and predated I get it three days
later. It contains every little secret I never
dared to ask you when I saw you nameless on that
corner. I cannot not see you crack a smile, lie
like a crocodile or drown in self denial. I am
papercut by your words and my ink drops sweat
like tears.

It becomes my deal now. I will choose upon your
words how to make myself up. I will write about
my life in thiry words or less, stamp it with
approval and S.W.A.K. it to you first class.
Just promise not to tell all the people on the
street about the girl you saw standing on the
corner, she's waiting for someone and it might be
awhile.

Hey, what is the stupid point anyway?


Hey, where am I running away with this?

Hey, when will I cut out the nonsense?

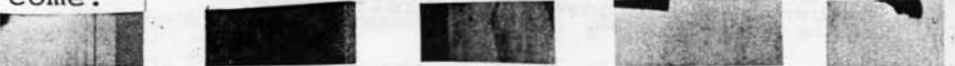
Hey, why don't you stop me?

Hey, who told you to listen to me?

Hey, how ya doin'?



Oh my god you will never believe who came tonight! I almost died! Who does she think she is anyway, why is she here, I didn't ask her to come.



It is all yours. Everything I have belongs to you. The magazines you cover that I cannot buy. The places I take you that you never return. The people I know with their faces ripped off being toted around under your hat. The words, the ideas, the name, the writing on the wall and the handprint in the cement. No one but you alone claims them for their own.

The designated spot once bright and new is washing away in the rain. The sky is cloudy and my life is overcast with your shadow. The rays of your sun make my skin blister and my head throb. I am a weed yearning and growing towards the heat you generate. I am a dying withering plastic stalk melting in the oven you have created. I am a suffocating, shrieking, withering shell, complete on the outside but hollow and lacking within.

I want you to stop it now. I want you to just turn around and never look at me again. Just forget all that I have told you; I never promised you anything so you can't hold me to it. I never told you a secret because you already knew everything.

Hi remember me? We once knew each other then you fucked with my mind and I hated you. Now look at where we are, you hate me and I could not care less. I move on and break some new ground, you move along and rake some old sound.

It's time for an encore but I gotta leave early so clap and maybe she will see through you and focus on me. I outshine you. I can tarnish but you just rot. You have small eyes and a closed mind. Leave me alone. Stare at me again and I may want to fuck you. I'm confused but know for certain that one day you will be part of my sordid past because you shall remain what you always have been, a piece of rear end with a bunch of fake friends.



My friend did something for me recently. She invented someone for my benefit. She gave her a name (Violet), she gave her a tattoo (left ankle), she gave her a story (native Olympian visiting relatives in town) and she gave her a pretty face.

Oh Nicole this girl came into the store today she was soo cool I told her all about you. Wow she was so pretty she had the most beautiful eyes almost violet. Yeah and that was her name too. Violet. i forget her last name. But she was soo nice, kinda bitchy though. I tried to call you was the phone busy or something. Oh well we talked about Bikini Kill and this song and that grrrl thing and such. I gave her your address, yeah she said she'd try n write. so yeah and on and so. She does a zine I don't know the name but wow and all that. she was great.

Coolcool coolcoolcool cool cool

Violet is so cool. I want to see her. I need to meet her. I want to be her. I need her. Did she really have on that t-shirt. Blond hair and purple barrets. Wow I wish I'd a been there. no we have call waiting did you dial the right number. But she wrote me a note! what does it say hey.

what else what else what else

how old was shewhere does she livewhat did she say aboutwhere was she goingwhy
why

Maybe I should be mad at her. She showed me how vulnerable I am. I am not free of pressure to be/know/learn more. It's always not cool enough, there is much more out there to have and to covet. Violet made me happy. I was excited. I had a mentor, a goal, an ideal, an idol, someone/something real yet just barely out of reach and a step beyond. I no longer had to decide if this was it or was I right because Violet was the one making the descions. If it would please her it was good enough for me most definitely. I didn't have to look to myself for answers I could look in the mirror and see Violet's reflection. She had all the easy answers, no troubles and no problems.

I'd like to say I knew from the start that it was a game. Somewhere down deep I knew I was being had the whole time. I played my role very well anyway although to me it seemed posed and the setting just a bit too artificial. I went along with it because at the time it felt like the right thing to do. I'm sure I always knew she wasn't a real person. It's simply

much easier to live up to someone invisible else's standards then set your own. From the beginning and for the always and for ever, Violet represents the perfect girl the perfect grrrl nothing but a figure of all that was a riot grrrl.

I knew I would never met her, I never wanted/needed to met her. I already knew exactly what she looked like, what she would wear today and tomorrow, and what she thought about the whole state, of the world. It was my part of the game to just sit back hear the story, listen and absorb.

It was like watching a rerun sitcom, and as the viewer I am not supposed to realize that Patty Duke and her cousin Kathy are actually the same person. They play around with camera shots and doubles but without even looking hard you know it's not Patty's head just some random chick with a cheap wig. You always know in the back of your mind it's all a facade, a secret everyone agrees on and no one gives away. So you get the laughs and move on. Whatever it is you need, apply it to your own life and leave the rest for the next somebody else who comes along. It's was kind of a silly thing to do on her part. It's mistrust and lies like this that can totally ruin a friendship. And I was angry at her for a while. Oh Yeah. She had control over me, the power to tell me the exact something and make me believe it. I never let anyone get that close to me before and knowing I could be manipulated was a shocking revelation. She said she did it only for my benefit, to make me realize I am better then a staple image of what I think to aspire toward. That's the only reasoning she had and that was all the explanation needed.

I have a feeling violets will be popping up all over the place in my future I just have to remember to not step on them and not take them home with me, they may be pretty to look at but they die quickly.



OFFICIAL CANDIDATE

American Coed Pageants



**We have received your name as a possible State Finalist in the
11th Annual Miss American Coed Pageant**

not tomorrow maybe today

As part (dare I say bi-president?) of the local Pittsburgh Riot Grrl chapter I will give my notes and personal insights on the whole thing.

We have now established a core of girls who are truly dedicated and want to get stuff taken care of. We have determined the one timers and weak ones whom we have taken care of.

We got plans. Big plans.

Our next undertaking will be a show featuring some local bands and hopefully benefiting Rock For Choice. A collective various artists pittsburghy riot grrl zine is in the works right now as I write. Nothing of my own stuff is included. I have decided to only play with one toy at a time. In other words I was selfish and kept my stuff only for my zine. I did suggest the name, so if you get the zine (available from me or Sara "Sourpuss" McCool, write for info) and like the name praise me, if not just blame it on the rain.

This summer we want to travel, well I want to travel. I will be in your city if you invite me or if something exciting is happening. So can I stay at your place? Huh? Huh? I want to go to that Omaha, Nebraska fest and then scurry along to Olympia for a bit, to ride the action wave. If you have money honey a trucking spirit and a big car, you and me can go far.

Us beautiful girls have also, as required by the oath, entered the Pennsylvania Beauty Pageant (see group photo below). It was a blast! I wore a soft velvet pink dress with a matching green bow around my waist, my shoes were red and my underwear orange. I won. Now my sash is proudly draped over my dresser mirror.

This Is Where They Start!

Dreams Do Come True...



It's today, visiting day for the Russian exchange students. I toured one particular girl who had no name. she was tall and had light hair. We were required to walk around nude but decided to keep our underwear on anyway. I remember that my underwear was pink.

I took her downstairs to the basement, the stairs were iron like and gray in color. We entered a dorm like area in a women's college. I have seen noone yet but I am sure that it is someplace comfortable. We want to clean up and take a shower, it's been a long grimy day.

We come to the two only shower stalls and see a woman sitting in front of them. She is at an old wooden table that is roughly made and falling apart, she is reading a book and ignoring us. I assume we must ask her first before taking a shower, she is the authority figure. She has blond hair.

Both showers are shooting out water at full blast I try to turn one off but can only decrease the flow slightly. We talk to the woman, she is nice but not especially pleasant. She only wants to continue reading her book.



We walk down the dorm hall. I am in front of a door so I knock.

There are three women inside, they all had dark hair. The room seems lengthwise long not depthily. The women are standing in front of a long bookshelf type thing stacked with many things. It is wooden and rather nice looking. The colors I notice are drab and dreary, reminding me of a neutral hotel room closet.

The shelves are stacked but the only thing I remember being there was a three pack set of Lasmoo shampoo, the lesbian brand. The package is green.

We ask for something and they tell us to reach for it. My visitor grabs at something on the shelf. It is a book or CD wrapped in shrink plastic protective wrap.

The three women begin to sing a song somehow related to the thing my visitor picked out. The song is a variation on Oh Say Can You See.

I sang along as best I could. I didn't know all the words but the beat was familiar.

One asks if I know about the song.

Yeah, of course. She smiles.

Back at the shower stalls I find my jeans and shirt in the bottom of the shower in the stream of water. I take them out and place them in a pile to my right. I pile the towels I have next to them. Then I begin to undress. I take off my white t-shirt first, then my pink underwear, then my shirt again. I do this a few times, placing the things in a third pile.



ooooooooooooGORPoooooooooooo

Get your daily helping of Gorp.

Expand your mind, feed your head tune in
If you do just one junky thing today,
buy something new!!

(my current soundtrak)

slant 6 - night x9
cirçus lupus - pop man
pørk
baltimora - tarzan boy
fifth colum'n
šhop assistants - all day long
blast off countrý style - teenage unicorn
breadwinnër
janis joplin
fuzzhead
vannesa paradiš - joe le taxi
å.s.f. - frat boy
superchũnk - baxter
big black
t-connection - do what you wanna do
låbrådford - skyward with motion
autoclave - still here
guided bý voices
girls in the nose - prisoner of pantyhose



Come on. it can only
make you happy!!!

Here's the name of a movie:

**THE V&V
GANG**

now go and get it! I ♥ you.

for a good time read:

Action Girl
Criselda + Dead Molly
The Adventures of A-Girl
Double Bill
Pawholes
Queer Zine Explosion
Sour puss
Oh
Girlgerms
William Wants A Doll
Girljock
Thorn
Sowkins



Lucy

(support Septophilia these girls are rockin')

TIME FOR
SOME MUSIC!



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I have nothing else constructive to say, my creative juices have flown some where to Eastcubum and until they return with souvenirs and a story I will have no more inspiration. So until then here are some last

Random thoughts and space makers takers movers and shakers

Chew this: Matter, that thing the most solid and the well-known, which you are holding in your hands and which makes up your body, is now known to be mostly empty space. Empty space and points of light. What does this say about the reality of the world?

(above thought not mine, it was stolen from Jeanette Winterson's Sexing the Cherry, but I often think that way so don't fry me ok?)

Hi I just got a tattoo. Geez it hurt like nothing else let me tell you. It is on my left upper arm midway below and to the left a bit. It is a witch riding a broom surrounded by the ♀ symbol, not mean or evil but simple and just there.

I was shaking as I sat there allowing some big fella with a pin through his tongue (I want one!) to stick a buzzing thing with a bunch of needles up to my arm and carve away. I'm no toughie believe me and this sure proved it.

That night I got absolute nil sleep as I kept imagining it peeling off, infecting or coming alive (which reminds of the time I was deathly afraid my Cabbage Kid doll was going to wake up and kill me. I had heard a story about such an incident in which case the said doll killed a priest. Oh the horror.) Now I must keep it hidden from my mom for the next 23,24,45 years or so. Two days down and she suspects nothing yet. Hehe. Oh the spirited glee.

Oh you love me you really love me!! Wow! I didn't expect to win although it is just an honor being nominated I am THE Winner! Eat this little statue you f**king losers! Ha. Gosh like I like am like totally like unprepared I don't deserve this award but it will sure look great on my resume and hey who am I to argue! Thanks to the Academy and everyone that voted for me. You love me you really really love me! Tilby Trader for all the kicks in the a**, Sara McCool you are the s**t, Hanna Ablaze f**cking thanks for the f**king blast in Idaho and hey f**k the f**cking police I know you're f**king innocent, let's hear it for f**cking parole in ten! Kells Bells because even straight g**ls get the blues. Lastly and greatly of course I owe honor to my single biggest influence, the one who has always stood by me leaving footprints in the sand, the one holier than us, the light, the Goddess, Hothead Paisan Baby you're the greatest